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THE Morning-Interview. AN HEROI-COMICAL POEM.

By ALLAN RAMSAY.

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BRITISH MUSEUM
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JUL

THE
Morning-Interview.

Such killing Looks, ſo thick the Arrows fly
That 'tis unſafe to be a Stander by:
Poets approaching to deſcribe the Fight,
Are by their Wounds inſtructed how to write.

WALLER. 130.

HEN ſilent Show'rs refreſh the pregnant Soil,
And tender Sallets eat with TUSCAN Oyl.
Harmonious Sounds now eccho in each Grove
Of bleating Lambs, who from their Parents rove;

While o'er the Plain the anxious Dames do ſtray,
Calling their tender Care, with hoarſer Bae:
Now chearful ZEPHYR from the Weſtern Sky,
With eaſy Scud, o'er painted Fields does fly,
To kiſs his FLORA with a gentle Air,
Who yields to his Embrace, and looks more fair.

WHEN from Debauch, with ſp'rituous Juice oppreſs'd,
The Sons of BACCHUS ſtagger Home to Reſt,
With tatted Wigs, foul Shoes, and uncock'd Hats,
And all bedaub'd with Snuff their looſe Cravats.
The Sun began to ſip the Morning-Dew,
As DAMON from his reſtleſs Pillow flew.

HIM late from CELIA's Cheek a Patch did wound,
A Patch high ſeated on the bluſhing Round.
His painful Thoughts all Night forbid him reſt,
And he employ'd that Night as one oppreſs'd,
Muſing Revenge, and how to countermine
The ſtrongeſt Force, and every deep Deſign

Of Patches, Fans, of Necklaces and Rings,
Ev'n Muſick's Pow'r, when CELIA plays or ſings.

FATIGU'D with running Errands all the Day,
Happy in Want of Thought, his Valet lay,
Recruiting Strength with Sleep——His Maſter calls,
He ſtarts with lock'd up Eyes and beats the Walls.
A ſecond Thunder rouſes up the Sot,
He yawns, and murmurs Curſes through his Throat,
Stockings awry, and Breeches-Knees unlac'd,
And Buttons do miſtake their Holes for Haſte.
His Maſter raves—Cries, ROGER, make Diſpatch,
Time flies apace. He frown'd and look't his Watch:
Haſte, do my Wig, tye't with the careleſs Knots,
And run to CIVET's, let him fill my Box.
Go to my Laundreſs, ſee what makes her ſtay,
And call a Coach and Barber in your Way.

THUS Orders juſtle Orders in a Throng,
ROGER with laden Mem'ry trots along.

His Errand's done, with Bruſhes next he muſt
Renew his Toil amidſt perfumed Duſt:
He beats and rubs, till ſcarce one Pile remain,
Then Six Times more's thrown on the Wig again.
The yielding Comb he leads with artful Care,
Through crook'd Meanders of the flaxen Hair,
Ere all's perform'd he's almoſt choak'd to Death,
The Air is thicken'd, and he pants for Breath.
So does the Traveller through LYBIA's Plain,
A Conflict with the driving Sands ſuſtain.

TWO Hours are paſs'd, and DAMON is equipt,
Penſive he ſtalks, and meditates the Fight:
Arm'd Cap-a-pie, in Dreſs a killing Beau,
Thrice view'd his Glaſs, and then reſolv'd to go,
Fluſh'd full of Hope to overcome his Foe.
His early Prayers were all to PAPHOS ſent,
That JOVE's Sea-Daughter wou'd give her Conſent;
Cry'd, "Send thy little Son unto my Aid.
Then took his Hat, trip'd out, and no more ſaid.

WHAT lofty Thoughts do ſometimes puſh a Man
Beyond the Verge of his own Native Span.
Keep low thy Thoughts, frail Clay, nor boaſt thy Pow'r,
Fate will be Fate: And ſince there's nothing ſure,
Vex not thy ſelf too much, but catch th' auſpicious Hour.

THE tow'ring Lark had thrice his Mattins ſung,
And thrice were Bells for Divine Service rung.
In Plaids muff'd up, *Prudes* throng the Sacred Dome,
And leave the ſpacious Petticoat at Home:
While ſofteſt Dreams ſeal'd up fair CELIA's Eyes,
She dreams of DAMON, and forgets to riſe.
A ſportive SYLPH does lay the ſubtile Snare,
Such know the charming Baits which catch the Fair;
She ſhews him handſome, brawny, rich, and young,
With Snuff-Box, Cane, and Sword-Knot finely hung,
Well skill'd in Airs of Dangle, Toſs, and Rap;
Thoſe Graces which do tender Hearts entrap.

WHERE AULUS oft makes Law for Juſtice paſs,
And CHARLES's Statue ſtands in laſting Braſs,

Amidſt

Amidſt a Square which does amaze the Sight,
With ſpacious Fabricks of ſtupenduous Height,
Whoſe ſublime Roofs in Clouds advance ſo high,
They ſeem the Watch-Towers of the Nether-Sky.
Where once! Alas! where once the Three-Eſtates
Of SCOTLAND's Parliament held free Debates:
Here CELIA dwelt; thither did DAMON move,
Preſs'd by his rigid Fate and raging Love.

To her Appartment ſtreight the daring Swain
Approach'd, and ſoftly knock'd, nor knock'd in vain.
The Nymph new wak'd, ſtarts from the lazy Down,
And wraps her gentle Limbs in Morning-Gown.
But half awake, ſhe judges it muſt be
FRANKALIA come to take her Morning Tea;
Crys, Welcome, Couſin. But ſhe ſoon began
To change her Viſage, when ſhe ſaw a Man:
Her unfix'd Eyes with various Turnings range,
And pale Surprize to modeſt Red exchange.

Doubtful 'twixt Modeſty and Love ſhe ſtands,
Then ask'd the bold Impertinent's Demands.
Her Strokes are doubled, and the Youth now found
His Pains increaſe, and open ev'ry Wound.
Who can deſcribe the Charms of looſe Attire?
Who can reſiſt the Flames with which they fire?
Ah! Barbarous Maid, he crys, ſure native Charms
Are too too much: Why then ſuch Store of Arms?
Madam, I come, prompt by th' uneaſy Pains,
Caus'd by a Wound from you, and wants Revenge;
A borrow'd Pow'r was poſted on a Charm:
A Patch, Damn'd Patch! Can Patches work ſuch Harm?

He ſaid, then threw a Bomb lay hid within
Love's Mortar-Piece, the Dimple of his Chin.
It miſs'd for once, ſhe lifted up her Head,
And bluſh'd a Smile, that almoſt ſtruck him dead;
Then cunningly retir'd, and he purſu'd
Near to the Toilet, where the War renew'd.

Thus the great FABIUS often gain'd the Day
O'er HANNIBAL, by frequent giving Way:
So warlike BRUCE and WALLACE sometime daign'd
To seem defeat, yet certain Conquest gain'd.

THUS was he led in midst of CELIA's Room,
Speechless he stood, and waited for his Doom:
Words were but vain, he scarce could use his Breath,
As round he view'd the Implements of Death.
Her dreadful Arms, in careless Heaps were laid,
In gay Disorder round her tumbl'd Bed:
He often to the soft Retreat wou'd stare,
Still wishing he might give the Battle there.
Stunn'd with the Thought, his wandring Looks did stray
To where Lac'd-Shoes and her Silk-Stockings lay,
And GARTERS, which are never seen by Day.
His dazl'd Eyes almost deserted Light;
No Man before had ever got the Sight.
A Lady's Garter's, Earth! their very Name,
Tho' yet unseen, sets all the Soul on Flame.

The Royal NED knew well their mighty Charms,
Elſe he'd ne're hoop'd one round the *Engliſh Arms*.
Let barbarous Honours crown the Sword and Lance,
Thou next their King does *Britiſh* Knights advance,
O GARTER! *Honi ſoit qui mal y penſe.*

O who can all theſe hidden Turns relate,
That do attend on a raſh Lover's Fate?
In deep Diſtreſs the Youth turn'd up his Eyes,
As if to ask Aſſiſtance from the Skies.
The PETTICOAT was hanging on a Pin,
Which the unlucky Swain ſtar'd up within:
His curious Eyes too daringly did rove,
Around this Oval Conick Vault of Love:
Himſelf alone can tell the Pain he found,
While his wild Sight ſurvey'd forbidden Ground.
He view'd the Ten-fold Fence, and gave a Groan,
His trembling Limbs beſpoke his Courage gone:
Stupid and pale he ſtood, like Statue dumb,
The Amber Snuff dropt from his careleſs Thumb.

Be ſilent here, my Muſe, and ſhun a Plea
May riſe betwixt old *Bickerſtaff* and me;
For none may touch a Petticoat but he.

DAMON thus foil'd, breath'd with a dying Tone,
" Aſſiſt ye Powers of Love, elſe I am gone.
The ardent Prayer ſoon reach'd the Cyprian Grove,
Heard and accepted by the Queen of Love.
Fate was propitious too, her Son was by,
Who 'midſt his dread Artillery did ly,
Of *Flander*'s Lace, and Straps of curious Dye.
On *India*-Muſlin-Shades the God did loll,
His Head reclin'd upon a Tinſy Roll.

THE Mother Goddeſs thus her Son beſpoke,
" Thou muſt, my Boy, aſſume the Shape of SHOCK,
" And leap to CELIA's Lap; whence thou may ſlip
" Thy Paw up to her Breaſt, and reach her Lip:
" Strike deep thy Charms, thy pow'rful Art diſplay,
" To make young DAMON Conqueror to Day.

" Thou

" Thou need not bluſh to change thy Shape, ſince Jove
" Try'd moſt of brutal Forms, to gain his Love;
" Who that he might his loud SATURNIA gull,
" For fair EUROPA's Sake, inform'd a Bull.

SHE ſpoke.—— Not quicker does the Lamp of Day
Jet on the Mountain-Tops a gilded Ray,
Swifter than Lightning flies before the Clap,
From *Cyprus*-Iſle he reached CELIA's Lap:
Now fawns, now wags his Tail, and licks her Arm;
She hugs him to her Breaſt, nor dreads the Harm.
So in ASCANIUS Shape, the God unſeen
Dally'd and ruin'd the *Carthaginian* Queen

So now the ſubtile Pow'r his Time eſpies,
And threw Two barbed Darts in CELIA's Eyes:
Many were broke before he cou'd ſucceed;
But that of Gold flew whizzing through her Head:
Theſe were his laſt Reſerve,——When others fail,
Then the refulgent Mettal muſt prevail.

Plea-

Pleaſure produc'd by Money now appears,
Coaches and Six run rattling in her Ears.
O Liv'ry Men! Attendants! Houſhold-Plate,
Court-Poſts and Viſits, pompous Air and State,
How does your Splendor ſwell the Female's Pride,
When o'er their Minds ſuch Gawdry does preſide?
Succeſs attends, CUPID has plaid his Part,
And ſunk the pow'rful Venom to her Heart.
She cou'd no more, ſhe's catched in the Snare,
Sighing, ſhe fainted in her Eaſy-Chair.
The ſanguine Streams, in Bluſhes no more glow,
But, to ſupport the Heart, all inward flow,
Leaving the Cheek now cold, and white as Snow.

THUS CELIA fell, or rather thus did riſe:
Thus DAMON made, or elſe was made a Prize:
For both were Conquerors, and both did yield;
Firſt ſhe, now he, is Maſter of the Field.

Now he reſumes freſh Life, abandons Fear,
Jumps to his Limbs, and does more gay appear:

Not Gaming-Heir, when his rich Parent dies;
Not Zealot, reading HACKNEY's Party-Lies;
Not ſoft Fifteen, on her Feet-Waſhing Night;
Not Poet, when his Muſe ſublimes her Flight;
Not an old Maid, for ſome young Beauty's Fall;
Not the long tending * *Stibler* at his Call;
Not Husband-man, in Drought when Rain deſcends;
Not Miſs, when † *Limberham* his Purſe extends,
Ere knew ſuch Raptures as this joyful Swain,
When yielding, dying CELIA, calm'd his Pain.
The Rapid Joy now in ſuch Torrents roul,
That ſcarce his Organs can retain his Soul.

VICTOR he's gen'rous, courts the Fair's Eſteem,
And takes a Baſon fill'd with limpid Stream:
Then from his Fingers form'd an artful Rain,
Which rous'd the dormant Spirits of her Brain,
And made the Purple-Channels flow again.
She lives, he ſings; ſhe ſmiles and looks more tame:
Now Peace and Friendſhip is the only Theme.

THE

* A Probationer. † A Kind Keeper.

The Muſe owns freely here, ſhe does not know,
If Words did paſs between the *Belle* and *Beau*,
Or, if, in Courtſhip, ſuch uſe Words or no.
But ſure it is, there was a Parley beat,
And mutual Love did end the proud Debate.
Then to complete the Peace and ſeal the Bliſs,
He, for a Diamond Ring, receiv'd a Kiſs
Of her ſoft Hand: —— Next, th' aſpiring Youth,
With eager Tranſports, preſs'd her glowing Mouth.
So, by Degrees, the Eagles teach their Young
To mount on High, and ſtare upon the Sun.

A ſumptuous Treat does crown the ended War,
And all rich Requiſites are brought from far.
The Table boaſts its being from Japan,
Th' ingenious Work of ſome great Artiſan.
China, where Potters coarſeſt Mould refine,
That Light through the tranſparent Jar does ſhine,
The coſtly Plates and Diſhes are from thence,
And Amazonia muſt her Sweets diſpence;

To her warm Banks, our Veſſels cut the Main;
For the ſweet Product of her luſcious Cane:
Here SCOTIA does no coſtly Tribute bring,
Only ſome Kettles full of † TODIAN Spring.

WHERE INDUS and the Double GANGES flow,
On odorif'rous Plains the Leaves do grow;
Chief of the Treat, a Plant the Boaſt of Fame,
Sometimes call'd *Green*, BOHEA's its greater Name.

O happieſt of Herbs! Who won'd not be
Pythagoriz'd into the Form of Thee,
And with high Tranſports act the Part of TEA.
Kiſſes on thee the haughty *Belles* beſtow,
While in thy Steams their Coral Lips do glow;
Thy Vertues and thy Flavour they commend;
While Men, even *Beaux*, with parched Lips attend.

† TODS-WELL which ſupplies the City with Water.

EPILOGUE.

THE Curtain's down: Now gen'rous Reader ſay,
Have ye not read worſe Numbers in a Play?
Sure here is Plot, Place, Character, and Time,
All ſmoothly wrought in good firm Engliſh *Rhime.*
I own, 'tis but a Sample of my Lays,
Which asks the Civil Sanction of your Praiſe.
Beſtow't with Freedom, let your Praiſe be ample,
And I my ſelf will ſhow you good Example.
Keep up your Face, altho' dull Criticks ſquint,
And cry, with empty Nod, There's Nothing in't;
They only mean, there's Nothing they can uſe;
Becauſe they find moſt, where there's moſt Refuſe.

EDINBURGH's ADDRESS TO THE COUNTRY.

FROM Me EDINA, to the Brave and Fair,
Health, Joy and Love, and Baniſhment of Care;
FORASMUCH AS, bare Fields and gurly Skies,
Make Rural Scenes ungrateful to the Eyes;
When *Hyperborean* Blaſts confound the Plain,
Driving, by Turns, light Snow and heavy Rain;

Ye Swains and Nymphs forſake the wither'd Grove,
That no damp Colds may nip the Buds of Love;
Ere Winds and Tempeſts o're the Mountains ride,
Haſte to, where Choice of Pleaſures do reſide;
Come to my Towers, and leave th' unpleaſant Scene,
My chearful Boſom ſhall your Warmth ſuſtain,
Screen'd in my Walls, you may bleak Winter ſhun,
And, for a While, forget the diſtant Sun.
My blazing Fires, bright Lamps, and ſparkling Wine,
As Summer Sun ſhall warm, like him ſhall ſhine.

My *Witty Clubs* of Minds that move at large,
With every Glaſs can ſome great Thought diſcharge.
When from my *Senate*, and the Toils of *Law*,
T' unbend the Mind from Bus'neſs you withdraw,
With ſuch gay Friends, to laugh ſome Hours away,
My Winter Even ſhall ding the Summer's Day.

One, in his Turn, with Strength of Skill, defines
The univerſal Uſe of *Euclide*'s Lines.

My *Schools of Law* produce a manly Train
Of fluent Orators, who Right maintain,

Practisd'

Practis'd t' expreſs themſelves a graceful Way;
An Eloquence ſhines forth in all they ſay.

Some *Raphael*, *Ruben*, or *Vandike* admire,
Whoſe Boſom glow with ſuch a Godlike Fire.
Of my own Race I have, who ſhall ere long,
Challenge a Place amongſt th' ingenious Throng.

Others in ſmootheſt Numbers are profuſe,
And can in *Mantuan Dactiles* lead the Muſe.
And others can with *Muſick* make you gay,
With ſweeteſt Sounds, *Correlli*'s Art diſplay,
While they around in ſofteſt Meaſures ſing,
Or beat melodious *Solo*'s from the String.

What Pleaſure can exceed to know what's Great.
The Hinge of *War*, and winding Draughts of *State*?
Theſe in my *Coffee Shops* th' aſpiring Youth
May learn, with Pleaſure, from the Sage's Mouth,
While they full-fraughted Judgments do unload,
Relating to Affairs Home and Abroad.
The generous Soul is fir'd with noble Flame,
To emulate Victorious *Eugene*'s Fame,

Who

Who with freſh Glories decks th' Imperial Throne;
Making the haughty *Ott'man* Empire groan.
He'll learn when warlike *Sweden* and the *Czar*,
The *Danes* and *Pruſſians* ſhall demit the War.
T' obſerve what mighty Turns of Fate may ſpring
From this new War rais'd by *Iberia*'s King.

LONG ere the Morn from Eaſtern Seas ariſe,
To ſweep Night Shades from off the vaulted Skies,
Oft *Love* or *Law* in Dream your Mind may Toſs,
And puſh the ſluggiſh Senſes to their Poſt;
The *Hautboy*'s diſtant Notes ſhall then oppoſe
Your Phantom Cares, and lull you to Repoſe.

TO *Viſit* and take *Tea*, the well-dreſs'd Fair
May paſs the Crowd unruffled in her Chair;
No Duſt or Mire her ſhining Foot ſhall ſtain,
Or on the horizontal Hoop give Pain:
For *Beaux* and *Belles* no City can compare,
Nor ſhew a *Gallaxy* ſo made, ſo fair.
The Ears are charm'd, and raviſh'd are the Eyes,
When at the Conſort my *fair Stars* ariſe.

What

What Poets of fictitious Beauties ſing,
Shall in bright Order fill the dazling Ring:
From *Venus*, *Pallas*, and the Spouſe of *Jove*,
They'd gain the Prize, judg'd by the God of Love:
Their Sun-burnt Features wou'd look dull, and fade,
Compar'd with my *ſweet White*, and *bluſhing Red*.
The Character of Beauties ſo Divine,
The *Muſe*, for want of Words, cannot define.
The panting Soul beholds with awful Love,
Impreſs'd on Clay, th' angelick Forms above;
Whoſe glancing Smiles can powerfully impart
Raptures ſublime, in dumb Show to the Heart.

THE Strength of all theſe Charms if ye defy,
My *Court of Juſtice* ſhall make you comply.
Welcome my *Seſſion*, thou my Boſom Warms,
Thrice three Times welcome to thy Mother's Arms.
Thy Father, long, rude Man! has left my Bed;
Thou'rt now my Guard, and Support of my Trade,
My Heart yearns after thee with ſtrong Deſire,
Thou deareſt Image of thy ancient Sire;
Should proud *Auguſta* take thee from me too,
So great a Loſs would make EDINA bow;

I'd ſink beneath a Weight I cou'd not bear,
And in a Heap of Rubbiſh diſappear.

VAIN are ſuch Fears; I'll rear my Head in State;
My bodding Heart foretells a glorious Fate.
New ſtately Structures on new Streets ſhall riſe,
And new built Churches towering to the Skies:
From Utmoſt *Thule* to the *Dover* Rock,
Britain's beſt Blood in Crowds to me ſhall flock
A numerous Fleet ſhall be my *Fortha*'s Pride,
While they in her calm Roads at Anchor ride:
Theſe from each Coaſt ſhall bring what's Great and
(Rare
To animate the *Brave*, and pleaſe the *Fair*.

ea